her when I am gone, and ſhe is old and cannot helpe her ſelfe, you ſhall haue forty ſir.

Bar. Go to,ſtand aſide.

Feeble By my troth I care not, a man can die but once, we owe God a death, ile nere beare a baſe mind, and't bee my deſtny:ſo,and't be not,ſo,no man's too good to ſerue's prince, and let it go which way it will, he that dies this yeere is quit for the next.

Bar Well ſaid,th'art a good fellow.

Feeble Faith ile beare no baſe mind.

Enter Falſtaffe and the Iuſtices.

Fal. Come ſir,which men ſhall I haue?

Shal. Foure of which you pleaſe.

Bar Sir,a word with you,I haue three pound to free Mouldy and Bulcalfe.

Fal. Go to,well.

Shal. Come ſir Iohn,which foure wil you haue?

Fal. Do you chuſe for me.

Shal. Mary then,Mouldy,Bulcalfe,Feeble,and Sadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bulcalfe,for you Mouldy ſtay at home,til you are paſt ſeruice: and for your part Bulcalfe, grow til you come vnto it,I will none of you.

Shal. Sir Iohn,ſir Iohn, doe not your ſelfe wrong, they are your likelieſt men, and I would haue you ſerude with the beſt.

Fal. Wil you tel me(maſter Shallow)how to chuſe a man? care I for the limbe, the thewes, the ſtature,bulke and big aſſemblance of a man:giue me the ſpirit M.Shalow:heres Wart, you ſee what a ragged apparance it is, a ſhall charge you, and diſcharge you with the motion of a pewterers hammer, come off and on ſwifter then he that gibbets on the brewers bucket: and this ſame halfe facde fellow Shadow,giue me this man, he preſents no marke to the enemy,the fo-man may with as great aime leuel at the edge of a pen-knife, and for a retraite how ſwiftly wil this Feeble the womans Tailer runne off? O giue mee the ſpare men, and ſpare me the great ones, putte mee a caliuer

caliuer into Warts hand Bardolfe.

Bar. Hold Wart, trauers thas,thas,thas.

Fal. Come mannage me your caliuer:ſo,very wel good, exceeding good, O giue me alwaies a little chopt Ballde, ſhot: well ſaid yfaith Wart, th'art a hold,theres a teſter for thee.

Shal. He is not his crafts-maſter, he doth not remember at Mile-end-greene, when I lay at Cle I was then ſir Dagonet in Arthurs ſhow, there quiuer fellow, and a would mannage you his peece would about and about, and come you in, and co rah,tah,tah, would a ſay, bounce would a ſay, and would a go, and againe would a come: I ſhall nere fellow.

Fal. Theſe fellowes wooll doe well M.Shallow, you M.Scilens,I will not vſe many words with you wel gentlemen both,I thank you,I muſt a doſen mil Bardolfe,giue the ſouldiers coates.

Shal. Sir Iohn,the Lord bleſſe you,God proſp faires, God ſend vs peace at your returne, viſit our our old acquaintance be renewed,peraduenture I w to the court.

Fal. Fore God would you would.

Shal. Go to,I haue ſpoke at a word,God keep y

Fal. Fare you well gentle gentlemen.

Shal. On Bardolfe,leade the men away, as I ret fetch off theſe iuſtices,I do ſee the bottome of iuſtic Lord, Lord, how ſubiect we old men are to this vic this ſame ſtaru'd iuſtice hath done nothing but pr of the wildneſſe of his youth, and the feates he ha bout Turne-bull ſtreet,and euery third word a lie, d to the hearer then the Turkes tribute, I doe remem at Clements Inne,like a man made after ſupper of a ring, when a was naked, he was for all the worlde l reddiſh with a head fantaſtically carued vpon it wit a was ſo forlorne,that his demenſions to any thicke